AN

ELEGY

On the Much-*Bewailed* DEATH of that Most *Painful* and

Pious Minister of the Gospel

Mr. ALEXANDER CARMICHEL,

Who Departed this Life *July* 22. 1676.

OH! that *Affection* could but make a *Poet*.
If *Grief* could *Rhyme* with *Art*, sure I should do it.
The tender *Son* that never *Spake* before,
To save his *Father's Life* turn'd *Orator*.
And can I then forbear? No, write I must,
When such a *Beam of Glory's* wrapt in dust.
Oh! Let me weep, and like a constant Spring,
Unto the *Sea of Grief* some Tribute bring;
Until my Cheeks with *Tears*, bedew'd, do swell
For this *Seraphique Saint* that lately fell.
Fell, did I say, Thy pardon I require,
Blest Soul! thou *Fall'st*, but 'tis to mount much *Higher*.
Couldst thou from Death at *All*, Released be,
Thy *Vertues* surely might have set thee free.
But 'twas a *Debt*, and with Enflam'd desire,
Thou soughtst to leave thy *Mantle*, and fly higher.
How shall I *Praise* thy Worth, and not dispraise,
Say *More* and not say *Less*, darkning thy Rays.
Who 'ere was so far blest to hear thy *Teaching*,
Was prone to think a *Seraphim* was *Preaching*;
'Twas *Austins* With 'ith *Pulpit Paul to hear*,
He had been *Satisfi'd* hadst *Thou* been there;
Methoughts when thy *Sweet soul* was *Poured* out
In *Fervent Prayer*, I began to doubt.
Whether *Elias* was come down again,
And mounting Heaven with his *Fiery Train*;
In *This* thou didst Excel, He Scal'd the Fort
Alone; But *Thus* thy Hearers didst *Transport*.
Thy very *Looks* held forth an Air of Grace,
Divinity was read even in thy *Face*;
A sweet *Humility* about thee Shin'd,
Wherein th'whole *Chain* of Graces seems Combin'd.
And as a *Ring* these Diamonds to Enclose
His Faith did solely on the *Rock* Repose.
A painful Pastor, whose Prophetique *Name*,
Did his unwearied *Care* for Christ proclaim.
How was he fir'd with zeal even from his Youth,
And though he lost all would hold fast the Truth.
A downright upright Man; A glittering Star,
Whose Sacred Influence diffused far.
From the Cold North with Heavenly heat he came,
Our souls with Gospel Ardours to Enflame.
Scotland first gave him Birth, But, oh! too soon
Ingrateful *England* is become his Tomb.
Then *Stay* and mourn with me you that go by,
'Tis *Sin* to pass and not to cast an Eye.

Upon this *Teaching Spectacle*, The Herse
Of one whose Name can dignify a Verse.
The *Earthly* Reliques of a Heavenly soul,
who living did by's *Words* and *Works* Controul.
The Power of Sin; Whose Ministerial Breath
Guided poor souls from Darkness and from Death.
He whose whole life was a Continued Tract
Of Practical Divinity, Each Act
A Sermon, and each word an Explination,
So that his people might by *Imitation*
of him, and of his life, to *Heaven* come,
Although they had been *Deaf*, or he been dumb.
But that Almighty Power who from above
Does all things order, and in whom we move,
Wrap't all these treasures up in brittle Clay,
Death gav't a Crack, and straight snatch't all away.
And now our sorrows swel to such a summe,
That to express them best, is to be dumb.
They that can count their Wealth, are counted poor
And who can speak his Griefs can suffer more.
'Tis Diminution to his Worth, to keep
With single tears; Let all his Orphan sheep
Joyn in *one Lamentation*, and let fall
Their *General* Tears at this sad Funeral
Of their *Deer Shepherd*, in whose Fatal Grave,
Both *He* and *They* one Joynt Interment have.
From thence ther's no *Return* for him to us,
But we must by *Degrees*, all follow thus.
He's gone before to *Usher* us, now dead,
What all his life he *Wrought*, is *Perfected*.
Living he *Taught* the way to Heaven whither
Now dead, He's gone to *Clear's the Passage thither*:

EPITAPH.

CARMICHEL *Sleeps*! Spices *you need not bring*
For's Body, Death *it selfs's* Embalm'd *to him*.
Ah! Blessed soul! his Sermons *were not* Done,
When Preach'd, *He* Liv'd *the* Application;
When Sick, *his* Pangs *were* Mercy *for when ere*
A sigh was Breath'd *out*, *God Breath'd in a Prayer*.
Lye Gently *on him* Dust, *this* Seed *is sown*,
To Spring *again at th* Resurrection.
Oh! for a verse in Black, *Reader! prepare*
For every drop of Ink *to melt a* Tear,
Yet stay with Grief *there's cause of* Joy *We*
Joy shall shed Tears *for* Him *a Crown for* Her.

FINIS.

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